Solan. And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fiidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

Shy. My own fleſh and bloud to rebell.

Sola. Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at theſe yeares.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and my bloud.

Solari. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare whether *Anthonio* have had any loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was uſd to come ſo ſmug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Uſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curſie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am ſure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh, whats that good for?

Shyl. To bait fiſh withall, if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reaſon, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, demenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Summer as a Chriſtian is: if you prick us, do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyſon us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge, if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Chriſtian wrong a Iew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter

Enter a man

Gentlemen, my Maſter
ſpeak with you both.

Saleri. We have been up

Ent

Solanio. Here comes an
matcht, unleſſe the Devill hi

Shy. How now *Tuball*,
found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came wh
find her.

Shylocke. Why there, th
me two thouſand Ducats in
our Nation till now, I never
in that, and other precious, p
were dead at my foot, and th
hearſt at my foot, and the Du
why ſo? and I know not
loſſe upon loſſe, the theefe g
the theefe, and no ſatisfacti
but what lights a my ſhould
teares but a my ſhedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men h
in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what,

Tuball. Hath an Argoſie

Shy. I thank God, I than

Tuball. I ſpoke with ſom

Shy. I thank thee good
ha, heere in *Genowa*.

Tuball. Your daughter
foureſcore Ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtickſt a dagg
gaine, foureſcoure Ducats at

Tuball. There came dive
pany to *Venice*, that ſweare

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